Planet ECLECTICA!

mini-micro-COMIC-zine!!!!!!

welcome to...

VOL. 1 2001

50c

bitS & pieCey art stuff

shaMeless sElf-promotioN

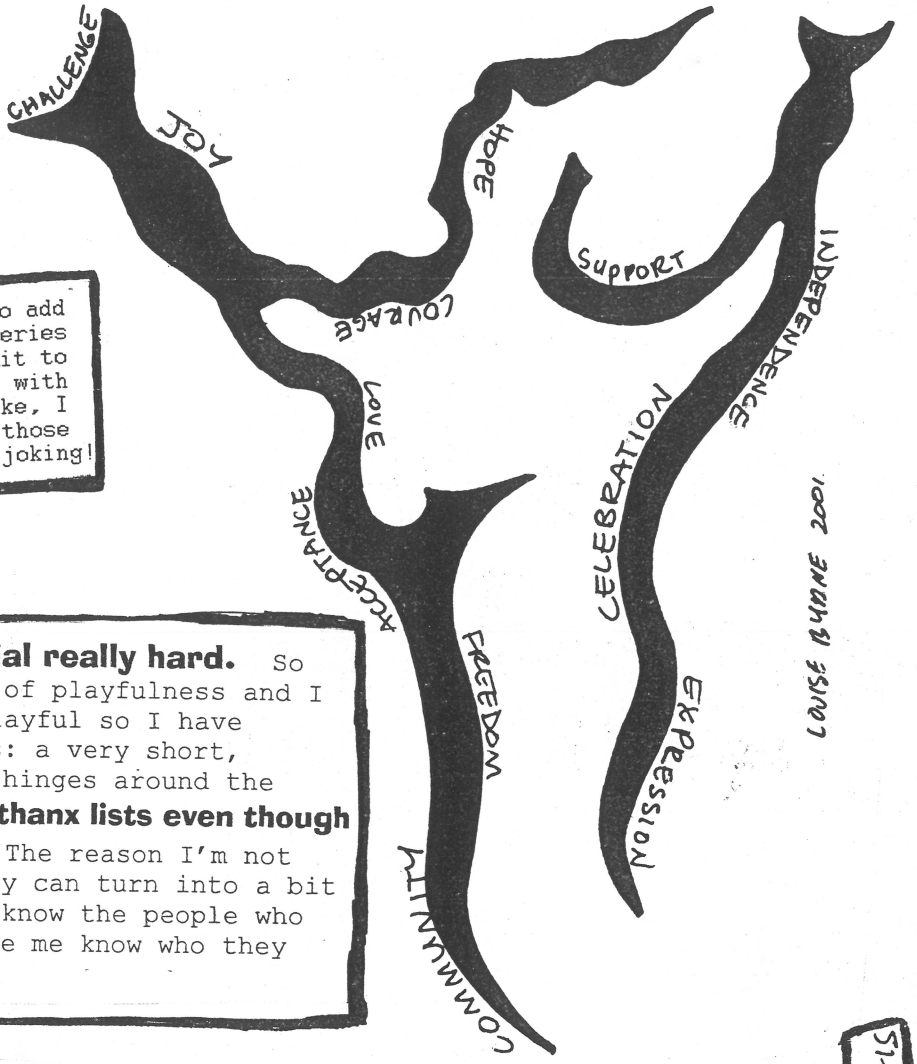
d.i.y. heAlth care anD other lovelinesS

most appealingly of all,
opiniOns you cAn start a fiGht witH

did i mEntion tHere's a COMIC?

coMe on, you kNow you wAnt iT

WELCOME TO MY ZINE...



Disclaimer: I feel obliged to add this disclaimer due to recent queries as to my sense of humour. I admit to an overdeveloped sense of irony with inflamed sarcasm. For your sake, I hope it's not contagious. For those of you who aren't sure, yes I'm joking!

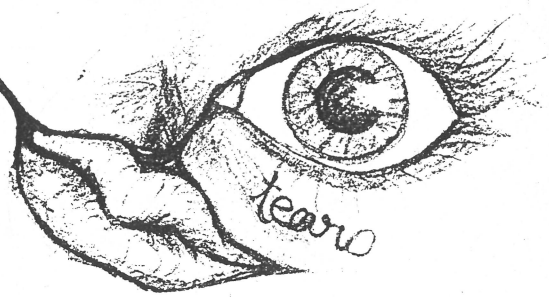
Hello, I find writing a proper editorial really hard. So um...This itsy zine came out of a sense of playfulness and I am too often serious and too rarely playful so I have decided to let this be just what it is: a very short, slightly odd collection of stuff that hinges around the comic I wrote/drew. **I don't believe in thanx lists even though I love it when people put me on theirs.** The reason I'm not going to do one is because I think they can turn into a bit of a popularity contest and because I know the people who inspire, encourage, irritate and enrage me know who they are.

The following comic is based on a now dormant issue (see across for more detail) but the sentiment remains, **DON'T FUCK WITH THINGS I CARE ABOUT** or I will (at the very least) ridicule you in a comic fashion. Pretty frightening, I know. Hope you like it, if you do, tell me all about it! lou_byrne@xena.com
If not, you must be unbearably dull, you poor bastard.

ALSO NEIL 'COS HE PUT ME IN HIS

oh, I can't resist!! A MICRO-THANX LIST FOR A MICRO-ZINE...
SHANE FOR EVERYTHING, ALWAYS.
& KYLIE FOR BEING MY ZINE BUDDY.

+ PEOPLE WHO COME TO OUR GIGS...
BUT THAT'S ALL, I REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME!



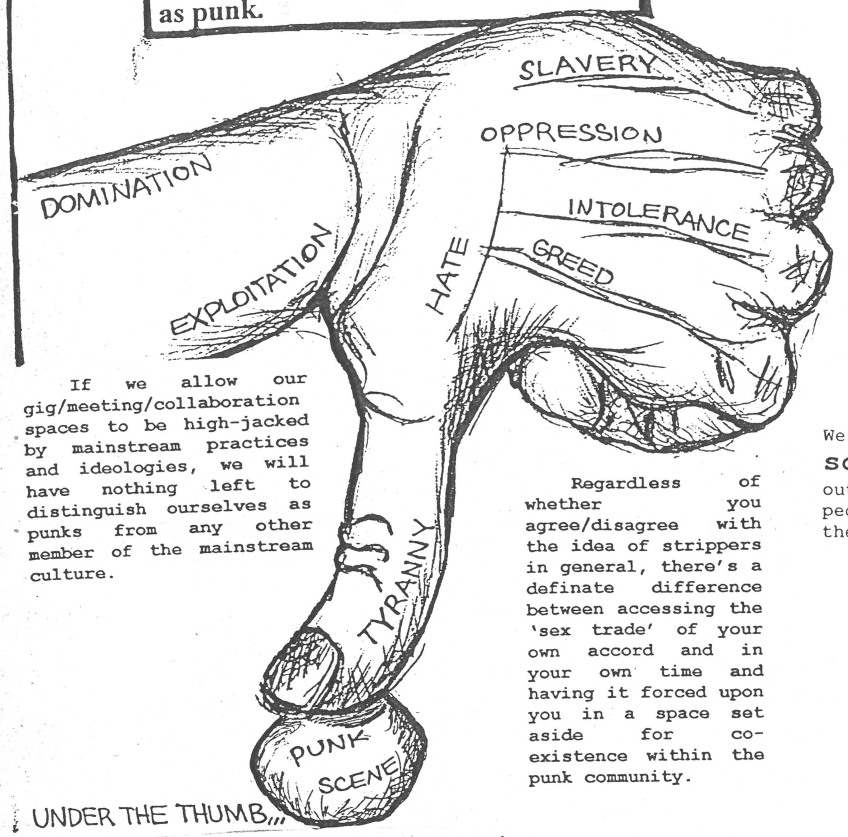
DREGS OF HUMANITY/NIHLIST SPLIT LP
2 OF AUSTRALIA'S MOST PUNISHING HARDCORE BANDS
Brisbane legends Dregs bludgeon you with their unique style of Mettalic Crust, while Newcastle's Nihilist blast your senses into oblivion with their best & last recording.
Availible from DREGS
18 Cadell st, Toowong, 4066, Qld, Australia.
$16 ppd.

THIS IS THE BAND I'M IN, YOU SHOULD COME SEE US.

BANSHEE'S KISS

PROTECT YOUR SPACE

There are in theory 'no rules' in punk. There are however, common ideas and needs shared by all of us who **identify as punk.**



If we allow our gig/meeting/collaboration spaces to be high-jacked by mainstream practices and ideologies, we will have nothing left to distinguish ourselves as punks from any other member of the mainstream culture.

Regardless of whether you agree/disagree with the idea of strippers in general, there's a definate difference between accessing the 'sex trade' of your own accord and in your own time and having it forced upon you in a space set aside for co-existence within the punk community.

Probably the most fundamental & widespread of our common needs is the desire to have a space in which we can, for a while, take a breather from the **pressures, prejudices, alienation** and general unpleasantness of 'mainstream' society. A space where we can enjoy ourselves, **participate & create** in a supportive, tolerant environment, who needs or wants to go out to gigs and deal with the same shit we face in our every day lives?

For those of you who don't know: Bonapartes is proposing to have strippers/titty girls at our punk gigs. This is a **violation of our space** and our hard-earned right to congregate as members of a sub-culture and do our thing the way we want to.

We all know how difficult it is for the **scene to survive.** Venues kick us out, shut down, (turn into strip joints!) people lose interest, drift away, fight amongst themselves etc.

Let's show a **united front** against this latest threat.

Protect Your Space
Protect Your Scene

THE STRIPPER THING

When I heard about the intention to have strippers performing at punk gigs, I was LIVID. I rang all my friends (one phone call, so what?) and we planned an ACTION MEETING. At the meeting it was decided there should be fliers, so I made fliers. I heard that the people who wanted the strippers on were apparently pissed off about the fliers... **GOOD welcome to my world, buddy.**

PROTECT YOUR SPACE

There are in theory 'no rules' in punk. There are however, common ideas and needs shared by all of us who **identify as punk.**

Regardless of whether you agree/disagree with the idea of strippers in general, there's a definate difference between accessing the 'sex trade' of your own accord and in your own time and having it forced upon you in a space set aside for co-existence within the punk community.

I don't know (and maybe never will) if the fliers and 'punklic' disapproval had anything to do with it, but there never has been strippers at punk gigs. Anyway from that event came the comic...Originally devised as a photo-comic (you know, photos instead of drawings). The comic itself was intended to be the storyboard from which we would shoot the photos. However, as too often happens the shoots never eventuated but the comic remained so I figured I might as well do something with it. Hence this micro-zine, bon appetito grassyarse.

I would like to take this opportunity to say that few things have truly angered me the way that proposal did. The fact that those men consider themselves a part of the punk scene just makes it worse. In the flier I was very controlled and objective. Here, not so much, so from me to the men who know who they are, a big **GET FUCKED.**

SUPER FEMMES!

OUR STORY BEGINS... ZINE GIRL & DOCO GIRL ARE ENJOYING A QUIET GAME OF 'SMASH THE FASCISTS' WHEN PHOTO GIRL BURSTS IN.

OUR SUPER HEROES GATHER TOGETHER AND PHOTO GIRL TELLS HER STORY...

EVIL FORCES HAVE CORRUPTED THEIR SACRED PUNK SANCTUARY & ONLY THE SUPER FEMMES CAN STOP THEM.

WHILE PHOTO GIRL ZOOMS OFF TO UNCOVER MORE HEINOUS CRIMES, THE SUPER FEMMES GET READY FOR ACTION!!!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

EVIL LAIR
HA HA HA HA, HA HA HA HA!
HA! STAGE ONE OF OUR EVIL PLAN FOR SCENE DOMINATION HAS BEGUN!
CONE HEAD
ONCE THEY ARE DISTRACTED BY OUR STRIPPERS, WE CAN RID THE SCENE OF ETHICS FOREVER!!!

OUR HEROES HEAD FOR THE 'FEMME MOBILE'...

AT THE BACK OF EVIL HEADQUARTERS, THEY PLAN THEIR ATTACK.

THE FEMMES STEALTH THEIR WAY INTO HEADQUARTERS...

Hi, WE JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE STRIPPING AT PUNK GIGS. & TO EXPLAIN A BIT...
IT'S NOT THAT WE HAVE A PROBLEM WITH YOU. JUST, THE GIGS ARE FOR ALL THE THINGS WE CARE ABOUT AS PUNKS.

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY TO REACH PEOPLE IN AN INCREASINGLY CYNICAL AND DESENSITISED POST-INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.
AND 'COS IT'S FUN!

GIRLS UNITE!

CAN WE HELP?

THAT'S OK. THE BOSSES HERE SHIT ME TO TEARS.

I WOULDN'T MIND SEEING THEM GET TAKEN OUT

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE (EVIL) RANCH!!!

LOOK AT THOSE MINDLESS DRONES! THEY FELL FOR OUR EVIL PLAN & THEY LINE UP, EAGER TO BECOME OUR PUPPETS!

BAG HEAD

SO, YOU HERE TO SEE THE STRIPPERS?

YEAH, I'M JUST CURIOUS/ANTI P.C.

ABC DIABLO

BLINK 182

OH YEAH? SO YOU BUY THE BADGES HUH? BUT YOU ALSO BUY INTO GENERIC, MISO-GYNISTIC STEREO-TYPING & COP OUT UNSUBSTANTIATED RHETORIC ABOUT MALE OPPRESSION BY P.C.'S AND FEMINISTS. IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU WHO KEEP US CHAINED TO A NON-PROGRESSIVE SYSTEM OF DISTRUST & HATRED & WORK AGAINST THE GREATER PUNK ETHOS OF TOLERANCE & ACCEPTANCE, YOU POSEUR!

I COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT BETTER MYSELF!

BACK TO BUSINESS,

TEE HEE

RUN MUTHAFUKA RUN!!

FEMME

FRENZAL RHOMB (MIND-LESS 'PUNK')

SPIT BOY

BULLET HOLES

GROUND

FEMMES, YOU MAY HAVE KILLED OUR PUNTERS, BUT MORE WILL COME! YOU WILL NEVER DEFEAT US!!! HMMWAUGHAHAHA (Uber-evil laugh)

OH YEAH?

ROOF

GRENADE

ANOTHER GRENADE

EVIL H.Q.

NOOOOO

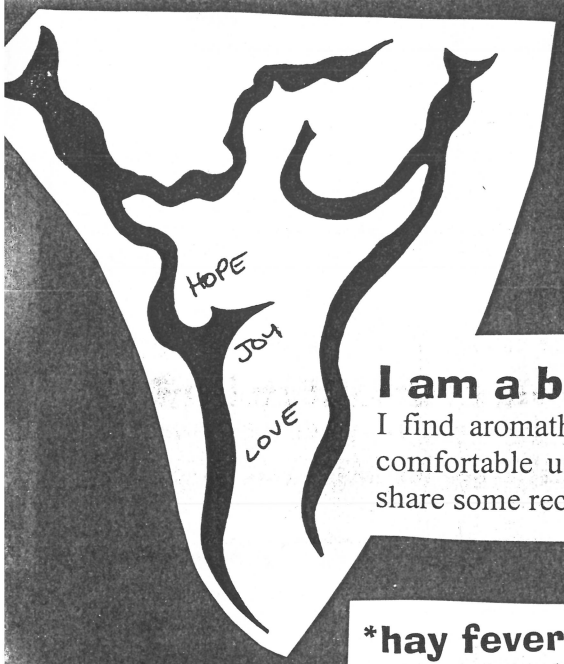
DAMN THOSE SUPER FEMMES

THE FEMMES SAVE THE DAY AGAIN!

RRR

THE END

LOUISE BYRNE 2001



the natural remedies page...

I am a big advocate of d.i.y. health care.

I find aromatherapy oils incredibly useful for minor ailments and I'm much more comfortable using them than taking synthetic-y chemical drugs. So I thought I'd share some recipes and information.

*hay fever (key oil – Eucalyptus)

As an inhalation blend (add oils to a basin/bowl full of boiling hot water) 2drops Eucalyptus, 1drop Lavender, 1drop Peppermint. Alternatively as a chest rub, use 5drops Marjoram, 5drops Eucalyptus and 15 drops Lavender in 40ml of base oil.

Oil of the month...

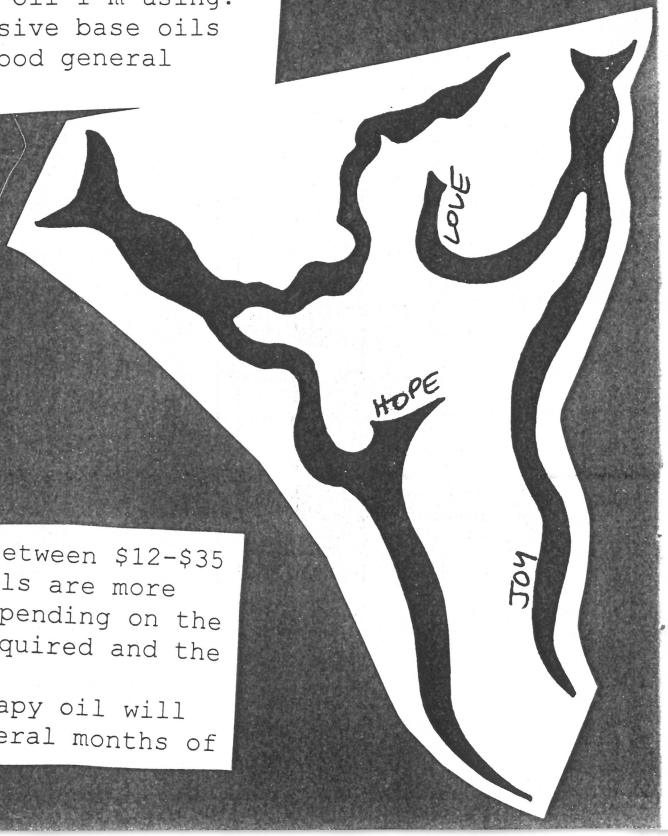
Peppermint – the hangover cure-all!!!

For hangover style heaving, travel/motion sickness or general nausea, open a bottle of Peppermint and inhale the vapours. Alternately place a few drops of Peppermint on a tissue. Peppermint can also be taken orally, 1drop on a teaspoon of brown sugar for colds/flus or to boost your immune system.

Base Oils: a lot of recipes call for a blend of base and essential oils. The base oils dilute essential oils that are too strong/could irritate the skin, and also help the oil go further - particularly in the case of massage blends. When blending essential oils with base oils I use about 5drops of essential oil to every 10ml of base oil. Sometimes I mix higher ratios of essential oil, depends on how bad I feel and the type of oil I'm using. Sweet almond oil is one of the less expensive base oils (around $8 for 50ml) and I find it is a good general purpose base.

HINTs: Essential oils are different from fragrant oils and perfume oils etc. which have no medicinal benefits. An essential oil should be 100% pure unless it is an extremely expensive oil like rose in which case is will be mixed with jojoba oil. Good quality essential oils will have the botanical name of the extract on the label.

Oils will probably cost between $12-$35 per bottle. Different oils are more expensive than others, depending on the amount of raw material required and the cost of the raw material.
A 9ml bottle of aromatherapy oil will normally last you for several months of frequent use.



THIS IS FROM A BOOKLET CALLED 'FACTS ON RAPE' THAT IS PUT OUT BY 'BRISBANE RAPE AND INCEST SURVIVORS SUPPORT CENTRE' Freecall: 1800 242 526 AND IT IS A VERY CLEVER & HUMOUROUS WAY OF CHALLENGING STEREOTYPES ABOUT RAPE VICTIMS. I THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH SHARING!!!

Was He Asking For It?

Mr Smith, were you held up at gun-point on the corner of Market and George Streets?

Yes.

Did you struggle with the robber?

No.

Why not?

He was armed.

Then you made a conscious decision to comply with his demands rather than resist?

Yes.

Did you scream? Cry out?

No. I was afraid.

I see. Have you ever been held up before?

No.

Have you ever given money away?

Yes, of course.

And you did so willingly?

What are you getting at?

Well, let's put it like this, Mr Smith. You've given money away in the past. In fact, you have quite a reputation for philanthropy. How can we be sure you weren't contriving to have your money taken by force?

Listen, if I wanted –

Never mind. What time did this hold-up take place?

About 11pm.

You were out on the street at 11pm? Doing what?

Just walking.

Just walking? You know that it's dangerous being out on the street that late at night. Weren't you aware that you could have been held up?

I hadn't thought about it.

What were you wearing?

Let's see – a suit. Yes, a suit.

An expensive suit?

Well, yes. I'm a successful lawyer, you know.

In other words, Mr Smith, you were walking around the streets, late at night, in a suit that practically advertised the fact that you might be a good target for some easy money. Isn't that so? If we didn't know better, Mr Smith, we might even think you were asking for this to happen, might we not?

Rape is the ultimate power trip.

Banshee's Kiss

- Lonely Hearted Girl -

Her hair falls softly across her face, brush away memories. Another time, another tainted promise kept. All the things she does for love.
Work the beat work the night, a stranger comes a stranger leaves, his fingerprints across her breast, All the things she does, the things she does for love

She's the lonely hearted girl, Seen too much of everything, Still a child inside
She's the lonely hearted girl, Fills up on whatever's going, If the getting's good.
Had too much of everything.

Her heart is breaking inch by inch, Her dreams are haunted by another life. All the things she could have been...She's the painted girl, the working girl, the whore, the slut, the bitch.

Leather and lace she's anybody's meat, works after hours when the good girls sleep. Dollars clutched in sweaty fist sweep arguments aside.
Needles come and pricks go by
She's the lonely hearted girl.

Lonely hearted girl explains itself pretty clearly.

- A Sea of Glassy Eyes -

It's just an upbeat ditty, About a dirty city
And a wreck of broken lives. It's a lonely story
From the early morning, When you're the only one alive, And you can look if you like
But you'd rather not see, The sea of glassy eyes

Mother says honey won't you come in for some breakfast out of the rain. I don't want to see you standing out there all alone. You see her close her eyes and turn away, as she says, Don't go thinking too much about the things you can't change

When you know that there's no answer
You turn inside. You look for other meanings, But it's all disguises, And every step you take is just another step away from where you want to be and how you want to say the words you'd rather be screaming. And every time you reach out of your lethargy and try to reach another they rebut you with the same lies.

Sea of Glassy Eyes is basically about the period of your life when you first begin questioning the value systems and structures around you and other people tell you not to.

- Various Shades of Red -

An air-burst pattern, well above my head
16 coloured candles
Flickering in gentle waves & my moistened eyelids wander in the corners of imagination. Have you ever caught yourself on the edge of abandonment?

Pulled the strings up tight
Forced a little perspective in
Known that there is only one way to fall
And held on, breath intake

I explode in various shades of red
A purple bruise above my heart
Fingernails that trickle,
Drips I hate and sounds that leave me empty and alone wondering where I've been

The walls have eyes and I have none
A deep and suffocating cloud covers my mouth and fills my nose, I know it doesn't mean to leave me stone, cold, dead.

Various Shades of Red was written in part as a reaction against the 'jolliness' of the guitar. If you've ever lived through real depression, there is something slightly nauseating about anything that is too clean/optimistic. Hence I wrote about depression.

- Heart of Darkness -

In the heart of darkness I have seen
Sweet release and less regret
And though you question my motives
I have known, An essence cut beyond belief
In the heart of darkness I have seen
Your feet of clay return to mud
And every lie I fed upon
Around me turned to dust

Heart of Darkness is about the institutionalised/socially acceptable abuse of children in whatever form and the child's eventual disillusionment.

Lyrics by Louise & Alan

Banshee's Kiss

- Suicide Note -

Craving, it's a way of life.
I want an endless supply.
All the hurts uncovered all protection seems to fade away. Veins all lead to my head and I've run out of natural ways

I'm the crone of death. Dressed as philia
Black bird rests in my back yard
I do love but, can't help my fate
Although I risk you, tear off this iron mask

Pretend like I'm happy & feel complete inside
When my friends died for someone else's pride
Then I started weeping now every day I cry
Then I started weeping now every day I cry

Because I'm jealous of your happy lies
When I'm stuck in this world of mine
Happy memories, haunt me today
If only I could remember my way
I'd step back through

Suicide Note is based on a darker chapter in Alan's life when he saw friends and family die from overdosing. He found relief from his pain in drugs and ultimately in the idea of death/suicide. In this song, the eventual decision to continue living meant living without drug dependence.

- Best Forgotten -

Felt a little disenchantment did we? Tired of selling time for money love. Seas of love dried up, saline fields, no will to work, the pastures of your inner self.

My thirst today is my vice, shadows fall lightly, lost in the wrong embrace, close inner eyes, close inner ears, pretending I can't hear, that darker tone is crawling towards me now.
Full sail away, you're running blind and running scared. Have you heard, that darker voice at midnight calls and full sail away a safer tomorrow for us all.

Full sail away, and when you go you leave with kindness, instincts you'd best forget have not forgotten you and yes you wish they would, but they'll not forget you, not forget you yet.

Best Forgotten refers to the darker side of the human psyche that so many people try to run from or pretend doesn't exist.

- Deconstruction Cycle -

Swept below as I am, Blown apart as you do to me
Latch on my misdeeds, your devil's bite
And our affiliation, smacks of loneliness

Watch me tumble. See I fall. Only empty glasses
In the bar-room of our joint reflection
See I fall, See I fall

If every footfall tells a story
How about the boot-print on my back
I thank my lucky stars I met you
And for all the lessons you held back

Deconstruction cycle is about destructive relationships I have had with much older men who controlled (and destroyed) my self-esteem. This song is a general reflection of the way it feels to be in an abusive relationship, particularly from the viewpoint of a young and inexperienced girl.

- Innocence -

It's the whisper of silk on broken flesh
Taste of my blood perfumes your breath
We will always share
In the place no sanity would dare to tread

What is lost is lost again, No shred of dignity is spared. The path abruptly ends before I lay myself down to rest. In the distance I hear ringing bells a thousand echoed screams
Impenetrable you. Deep untouchable me

My hand my heart my innocence
My hand my heart my innocence
My hand my heart my innocence
MY HAND MY HEART

Innocence is about societal distrust of young people and the subsequent sacrifice of youth and innocence by the self-interest of older people.

- Identi-Kit -

These things are real but they may not seem
How do you feel when you look at me? Everyday patterns fall into place I see it written all over your face. I've got a brand new identi-kit; let's me pretend that I fit. Pretty smile, but I'm full of hate,
Please excuse me while I mutate.

I know how it makes you ache
If only everybody thought the same
What a challenge to your ideal make
If only everybody thought the same

Shouldn't I be sweet, since I look that way?
Shouldn't I agree, isn't that what nature dictates?
Shouldn't I enjoy your view of me?
Could I make you cum, could I make you think? I've got a brand new identi-kit; let's me pretend that I fit.
Pretty smile, but I'm full of hate,
Please excuse me while I mutate.

Identi-kit: Despite claims to the contrary, young women are still expected to be compliant, not overly opinionated and 'to put up with 'friendly' overtures. Little protest on my part.

Lyrics by Louise & Alan

THIS IS THE BACK COVER.
THAT WAS MY ZINE.
I HOPE YOU LIKED IT.
ESPECIALLY THE COMIC
♡ LOUISE.